Vol. VI. Numb. 23

THE OBSERVATOR.

Of the Rehearſer's *Battel. He fought only a* Coward. *Of ſome Letters ſent the* Obſervator. *Of the Affair of* Spain. *The Diſadvantages of a Deſcent upon* Spain, *in order to reduce it. The Advantage the* French *have by the Duke of* Anjou's *having Poſſeſſion. What Advantage the* Engliſh *might have had, and may have thereby.*

From Saturday, May 17. to Wednesday, May 21. 1707.

Obſ. HOneſt *Country-man*, I waited with Impatience for your coming, that I might hear what Gyant the *Rehearſer* fought on Saturday.

Country-m. Maſter, I proteſt I was afraid he had ſome Deſign upon your mortal Corps: Thinks I, now my Maſter is ſo weaken'd by Sickneſs, that he can hardly go a high-lone, this cowardly Fellow will ſet upon him.

Obſ. Why, that would not prove him ſo great a Coward as t'other, who ſent ſix Ruffians to beat a ſick Man.

Country-m. Well, Maſter, for all that, I was reſolv'd to ſtand by you; and ſince he had bid his Country-man *gird on his Armour cloſe*, I took that Word for a Warning, and ſo bid our *Joan* ſcower the *Dripping-Pan* as bright as Silver, which ſhould ſerve me for a Breaſt-Plate; and thinks I, this Eccleſiaſtical *Quixot* will put on *Mambrino*'s Helmet, to ſecure his Head; ſo I bid our *Joan* ſcower the little *Porridge-Pot*, to ſerve me as a Head-Piece; and the great Spit, that roaſts the *Baron* of Beef at *Chriſtmas*, to ſerve for a Launce.

Obſ. But, *Roger*, you forgot the *Back-Piece.*

Country-m. I was reſolv'd never to turn my Back, but to beat both Knight and 'Squire, or die upon the Spot.

Obſ. Prethee, *Roger*, tell me who 'twas he engag'd; I am impatient.

Country-m. 'Twas all Bluſter and Bounce; great Talkers, are little Doers.

All his Atchievements are not worth a Louſe,
The teeming Mountain *has brought forth a* Mouſe.

I expected to have ſeen him mount the Stage againſt ſome formidable Hero, or have ſeen him choak a *Dragon* with a *Cat*; but inſtead of that, he falls foul, like a Coward as he is, upon Dr. *Coward*, where I ſuppoſe he wreſts his Meaning, as he does the Writings of other People; I find *Leſley* is a Champion only at *Crambo* and croſs Purpoſes.

Obſ. I never read that Book of Dr. *Coward*'s, but if *Leſley* quotes it right, I think One of the Doctor's Principles, with the *Rehearſer*'s Practices, would make a fit Miſſionary to confirm Mankind in Athieſm. — What News, *Roger?*

Country-m. Little or no News, Maſter; have you got none in that Bundle of Letters.

Obſ. Too much, and too bad, *Roger*. Here are two Letters to the ſame Point; a Couple of ſilly *Jacobite* Fellows are very angry that our Sea-Commanders fought the *French* ſo bravely t'other Day, and alſo, that I ſhould give 'em their juſt Praiſe; and to beat me out of a good Opinion of 'em, they tell me, that thoſe very Captains hir'd the Ruffians to aſſault me upon the Account of *Dilks*.

Country-m. We know this to be a Lie; we know who ſent the Ruffians; nay, we know ſome of them, their Names, and Places of Abode, and can take them up when we pleaſe; we have thoſe that can ſwear it upon 'em, beſides your ſelf. And when you have done with the Villains, the Landlord of the Houſe muſt come in for a Snack; they committed a Riot in his Houſe; and I ſuppoſe he will have a pretty Account of Damages to give in.

Obſ. Roger, I would not have the Perſons concern'd in that barbarous Action, think, that they are either above or below my Reſentment; I know how to pay Reſpect where it is due; but I would have thoſe, whom the Wheel of *Fortune* has hoiſted to great Preferments, know, that I have engag'd the Enemies of our Country as cloſe as any of 'em, and have as many Marks of Honour to ſhow for it, as the beſt of 'em: And tho' at preſent they may uſe our Laws as Spiders Webs, and break thro' 'em at Diſcretion, as in the late notorious Inſtance of the *Gunſmiths* Caſe, a Time of Reckoning muſt come; Madam *Neceſſity* will have it ſo. And their Treatment of the *Obſervator*, whatever they may think of it, has done 'em no Kindneſs; 'tis but a *Specimen* of their Courage, and of what, in Time, they deſign to do to every Body. And I would have 'em to know, that the *Obſervator* can count Services with ſome in eminent Poſts, and they know it full well. But this is not my Caſe alone.

Country-m. All the Reaſon I can give for thoſe Captains hiring the Ruffians, is, that they are both kill'd. I never yet knew any do you any Injury, but Vengeance purſu'd 'em, and they came by ſome eminent Diſaſter.

Obſ. Perhaps before *Michaelmas*-day you may know more of that, tho' I mayn't live to ſee it. —— Call another Cauſe.

Country-m. All the Talk of the Town, is about the Affairs of *Spain*; the *Jacks* and *Tackers* rejoyce mightily at our Misfortune, as the good and honeſt Men lament it.

Obſ. 'Tis in vain now, *Roger*, to look back upon our Expedition to *Cales*, and ſee our Army before the Town, and our Fleet at *la Rota*; 'tis in vain now to wiſh, that our noble Earl of *Peterborough* had gone with as good an Army to *Spain*, as landed there ſince his Departure; 'tis in vain to wiſh, that after the taking of *Barcelona*, the Submiſſion of *Arragon*, and

and the reducing of *Valencia*, we had got our *Equipage* ready, that we might have enter'd *Madrid* in Pomp, and ſo, in all Probability, have ſecur'd *Spain*. Theſe are vain Wiſhes, *Roger*, and ſhow no more than a hearty Deſire of Succeſs.

But, are Things paſt Cure? Is there no retrieving the Fate of *Spain*? What muſt be done in the Caſe? *Roger*, this is none of our Buſineſs, and therefore we will enter upon another Conſideration, and examine the Difficulties the *Engliſh* and *Dutch* have lain under in this Expedition, and then I verily believe no Man will cenſure them, or lay any Miſcarriages, which may have happen'd in *Spain*, to their Charge.

The Expedition of the *Spaniards* in 88, was not an Attempt ſo dangerous, nor attended with ſuch viſible Difficulties, as this Expedition has been to the *Engliſh* and *Dutch*. The *Spaniards* might make their Departure almoſt when they pleas'd, the Winds hanging Weſt, and to the Southward of the Weſt, near two thirds of the Year by general Obſervation; which is as great a Diſadvantage to us, as a Benefit to them. Of this, let the detaining of our *Deſcent* Fleet by contrary Winds the laſt Year, be a full Inſtance.

Next, the Length of the *Run* muſt take Place as a Difficulty not inconſiderable; to begin at *Barcelona*, ſo far from the Capital City of *Spain*, and from the *Britiſh* Seas, ſhows us a Length of Time, beſides the common Accidents of Wind and Weather.

Again, conſider, that the *Italian* Princes were and are backward in declaring for the Houſe of *Auſtria*; the *Venetians* ſuffer'd the *Chevalier Fourbin* to inſult the *Adriatick* with ſix ſmall Frigats, when they might eaſily have remov'd him with their Gallies; the States of *Genoa*, and the Great Duke of *Tuſcany*, embrac'd a Neutrality, and ſo did the *Pope*, tho' at every Turn, by his partial Offices, he declar'd himſelf in Favour of *France*, which very much influenc'd his Children, the Catholick Princes.

What Difficulties attend our Soldiery ſent in this Expedition, are not a few; the Sea does not agree with all Conſtitutions, nor can Troops be fit for much Buſineſs after they have been ſo long ſtow'd under Hatches: Beſides, after they land, the Climate, the Alteration of Meat and Drink, and the hot Days and cold Nights, muſt of Neceſſity ſo affect *Engliſh* Conſtitutions, that 'tis well if ſeven in ten get healthy into the Field; and when they are there, they are continually impair'd by the Accidents aforeſaid.

I have ſeen moſt Nations try'd as to their Courage in the Field, but never found any ſuperior to the *Engliſh*. The *Spaniards* indeed are *Paltrons* in an Army; and upon this Account our People thought, that a few Hands would ſoon Diſpatch infinite Numbers of them; not conſidering what Alteration the Climate might make on their Bodies. Men enfeebl'd by intemperate Weather, and Want of Neceſſaries, cannot perform what is expected from them in their full Strength and Vigour; and the great Warrior *Sancho Pancha* has left it upon Record, That 'tis the *Guts ſupport the Heart, and not the Heart the Guts*, as you may ſee in the Texture of Human Bodies.

And be the *Spaniards* never ſo cowardly a People, they being on their own native Soil, and having the Proviſions in their Hands, with the Advantage of Numbers, may be a Match for Foreigners, tho' better Soldiers than themſelves. The worſt Cock will crow and fight on his own Dung-hill.

Our Men, in this Expedition, lye under another inſuperable Diſadvantage; they are *Hereticks* to both Parties, to thoſe they fight againſt, and to thoſe they fight for, and all think they merit Heaven by cutting *Hereticks* Throats.

It is true, the Reduction of *Spain* will be a Means towards a ſpeedy End of the War; for while *France* has the Aſſiſtance of *Spaniſh* Money, (as it has had ever ſince the Duke of *Anjou* got Poſſeſſion) it will be able to recruit its Forces, and make Head againſt the Confederates.

'Tis true, Money is now much wanting in *France*, its Armies Abroad have waſted the major Part of its current Coin, and it ſeems in no Capacity of recruiting it ſelf. But had the *Spaniſh* Galleons arriv'd in Time, as they us'd to do, *France* would not have wanted a Supply; and now they depend upon that, and upon the Returns of their Ships from the *South* Seas.

It may not be amiſs here to remark what vaſt Profit the *French* have got ſince the Union of the Crowns, by trading to the South Seas: They make 150, 2, 3 hundred *per Cent.* Profit; a vaſt Advantage to a Nation impoveriſh'd, and wanting *Specie* to carry on a War.

Thoſe that complain of our beginning the Conqueſt of *Spain* ſo far as *Barcelona*, and thought that a Diſembarkment in the Heart of *France*, or at *Bayonne*, would have done better, will think I take a larger Scope, when I tell 'em, that 'tis my Opinion, a War in the *Spaniſh Weſt-Indies*, and *South Seas*, would have been the ſpeedieſt Way of ſubduing the Power of the *Spaniards* in *Europe*, and of the *French* too.

Why might not we have ſack'd *Carthagena* in this War, as the *French* did in the laſt? Why might not we have taken, or hinder'd their Galleons from coming to *Europe*? And what might not we have done in the South Seas? With five or ſix ſmall Frigats, we might have taken all their trading Ships in thoſe Seas; ſome of which, beſides valuable Commodities, have two or three hundred thouſand Pounds Sterling in Plate on board them. We might have laid all their Sea-Ports under Contribution, and made 'em ranſome at what Rate we pleas'd; and ſo in eighteen Months Time, have brought into *England* ſome Millions of Money, only at the Charge of fetching it.

Now, this would be conquering *France*, and reducing *Spain* too; for intercepting or keeping back their Money and Bullion, is cutting off their Sinews of War; 'tis depriving them of all Martial Neceſſaries, of Men, Horſes, Arms, Accoutrements, Proviſions, and every Thing. But, *Roger*, we little Fellows only talk to pleaſe our ſelves and our Friends. Let us go to Bed, and ſleep, hoping the true *Genius* of *England* will awake ſome Time or other.

Juſt publiſh'd,

*** The Pulpit Fool, a Satyr. Occaſion'd by the many falſe and ſeditious Suggeſtions deliver'd by Mr. *Higgins*, in a Sermon preach'd at *Whitehall*, Feb. 26. 170⅞. For which a Bill of Indictment was found againſt him by the Grand Jury of *Middleſex*. Price 1 *s.* Sold by the Bookſellers of *London* and *Weſtminſter*.

This Day is publiſh'd,

‡‡‡ The Works of Mr. *Thomas Brown*, in Proſe and Verſe; both ſerious, moral, and comical. In two Volumes. Containing, A Dialogue between two *Oxford* Scholars. A pleaſant Dialogue of the Saints, after *Lucian*'s Manner. An Eſſay on the Satyr of the Ancients. A ſhort Eſſay on modern Satyr. A Satyr out of *Perſius*. A Satyr againſt Woman. A Satyr on Marriage. A Satyr on the *French* King, occaſion'd by the Peace of *Reſwick*. Mr. *Brown*'s Petition to the King and Council, under Confinement. Epitome of the Satyr againſt Wit, *&c.* An Oration in Praiſe of Drunkenneſs. A Declamation of Adverbs in *Latin*. The ſame in *Engliſh*. A Declamation in Praiſe of Riches. A Declamation in Praiſe of Poverty againſt Quality. Mr. *Brown*'s Table-talk; or, Maxims moral and comical. —his Pocket-book. —his comical View of *London* and *Weſtminſter*. Poems, Epigrams, and *Latin* Verſes. Obſervations on *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*, &c. collected from his *MS.* never before printed, with Mr. *Brown*'s Collections of Letters. Original Letters, addreſs'd to ſeveral of his Friends. *Ariſtinætus*'s Letters, in two Parts, tranſlated from the *Greek*; with large Improvements. Letters from the beſt *Latin* Authors. Letters from the beſt *French* Authors. Letters from the Dead to the Living, in three Parts; the third Part never before printed. To which is prefix'd, a Character of Mr. *Thomas Brown* and his Writings, by *James Drake*, M. D. Fellow of the Colledge of Phyſicians and the Royal Society. Printed for *S. Briſcoe*, and Sold by *B. Bragge*, in *Pater-Noſter-Row*.

LONDON, Printed for the Author, JOHN TUTCHIN.